Literary Dotes.

The suicide of Gus Dirks a few days ago in New York, was most deplorable. His Bugville sketches, his comical stunts in the adventures of the Katsenjammer kids will be missed all over the country.

He was a mere boy at the very beginning of a promising career, and his untimely end is pitiful. He could make thousands laugh, but there was no joy in the poor fellow's heart, such cases are not so rare as it would seem.

"All hail to W. Levington Comfort," says an exchange editor quoted by "The Philadelphia Record," "He is the Johnny-on-the-spot of the new century. For this man has already written a novel based on the Mont Pelee eruption, and the work is appearing in a serial form in a Chicago newspaper. It was expected that this catastrophe would begin, ere long, to figure in fiction, but who would have thought that, when it only happened on May 8, the sixteenth chapter of a novel about it would be appearing on May 31. The name of the novel is 'The Wrath of Pelee. The story concerns the virtuous Whitelaw, a millionaire's son, and the vicious drunkard Gilday, a newspaper artist. These two, cruising in Whitelaw's yacht, stop at St. Pierre, and the millionaire's son meets and falls in love with a fine girl named Wall. Pelee is muttering and belching smoke, and Whitelaw tries to get the Wall girl to come away with him in his yacht. She won't do it, though, because she thinks there is no danger. That is as far as the story has advanced. I hope Whitelaw and the girl get saved somehow, and I hope that W. Levington Comfort makes a whole lot of money out of his

Eugene F. Ware, the new commissioner of Pensions, who, over the name of "Ironquill," long ago established his reputation as a wit and writer of verse, has been much interested for years in the condition of roads in his adopted state of Kansas.

Recently R. W. Richardson, secretary of the National Good Roads Association, who is preparing to take a good roads construction train across the continent, said to Mr. Ware:

"How do the farmers in Kansas stand on the road question?"

"Up to their knees," was the reply.—Philadelphia

Ware and Clipping Bureau.

Washington, June 16.—Pension commissioner Ware has reached the conclusion that there are different forms of publicity and that which is attained by reason of political prominence is, in his case at least, much more expensive than when due entirely

A number of years ago Mr. Ware m destly put out a volume of poems under the nom de piume of "Ironquill." Desiring to know something of how the literary ughts and the world in general regarded his modest effort, Mr. Ware enlisted the services of a news-clipping agency, which was to furnish him with clippings where reference was made to him or his poems under the nom de plume of "Ironquill."

He received a few hundred clippings of one character or another, and then there was a lapse. As time wore on, Mr. Ware forgot altogether the existence of the clipping agency, but he was forcibly reminded of it soon after his appointment as pension commissioner.

When the appointment was announced all the newspaper correspondents began searching the records to find out who Mr. Ware was, and on learning that he was a poet and had written under the name of "Ironquill," they seized upon this fact and exploited it thoroughly in the newspapers. The appointment was a godsend to the newspaper agency, for posted in a conspicuous place before the eyes of the readers

connected with the agency and employed to do the clipping was a card notifying them to look for items concerning "Ironquill."

Thousand sof them appeared, and, according to the report, the agency had to increase its force in order to handle them. When it had collected a few thousand it sent them to Mr. Ware, followed by a few more thousand the next day, and other thousands, with the result that Mr. Ware has been paying from \$50 to \$200 a week for these clippings.

While he may have been pleased with the first batch, as an evidence of his popularity and the celebrity of his poetical nom de plume, Mr. Ware soon saw that he was threatened with bankruptcy unless a sudden stop was put to the inundation of clippings; and he nastened to notify the agency that he no longer took any interest in what the newspapers said of "Ironquill" and his poems.

If you want to know anything write to 320 Dooly Block or telephone 301. The Inter Mountain Press Clipping Bureau will tell you.

"He Who Knows a Book."

With staff in hand anddusty shoon, I walk from morning till high noon; Then rested for a little while Upon the green grass by a brook, And with a morsel and a book Forgot me many a mile,

And then upon my way I strode With bending back beneath the load, Until the night beset my way With cheerful thought on song and tale. And so I fare by hill and vale, Contented, day by day.

For he who knows a book to read May travel lightly without steed And find sweet comfort on the road. He shall forget the rugged way, Nor sigh for kindly company, Nor faint beneath his load. -R. R. Kirk, in Frank Leslie's Monthly.

Fate.

(With the Necessary Apologies.) Two shall be born the whole wide world apart, And speak in different tongues and have no thought Each of the other's being, and no heed; And these o're unknown seas to unknown lands Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death, And all unconsciously shape every act And bend each wandering step to this one end-That one day at the table they shall meet And bang the ping pong ball across the net. -S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Society Pleased.

It is no wonder that the bicycle races at the Salt Palace are so popular. The best talent in the entire west has been secured. The price of admission is reduced to 25 cents, which is an item with the majority. All reserved seats have been cushioned free of charge. Races Tuesday and Friday evenings at 8 p. m.

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